THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, April 30, 1804.

PICTURESQUE SCENES *on the* ALPS.

[From Karamſin's Travels from Moſcow, through Pruſſia, Germany, Switzerland, France, and England.]

Unterſeen, ten o'clock.

WE landed about two werſts from this place, and I proceeded to Unterſeen, through a delightful valley, between meadows and kitchen gardens.

The Alps here appeared uncommonly high and cloſe together. Here are neither fields nor vineyards. The cottages are built in quite a particular manner, and even the people have ſomething peculiar in their phyſiognomy. I have hired a conductor at this place, who is acquainted with the Alps. In half an hour we ſet off for Lauterbrunnen, which is about ten werſts from hence.

Lauterbrunnen.

The road from Unterſeen to Lauterbrunnen leads through a valley along the Lutſchine, a rivulet, which precipitates itſelf with extraordinary rapidity from rock to rock. Beyond the ruins of the caſtle of Unſpunen, the valley gradually becomes narrower, till at laſt it divides into two parts. The road to the left leads to Grindelwald, and that to the right to Lauterbrunnen. I ſoon perceived that village, which conſiſts of a number of ſmall houſes diſperſed through the valley, and on the declivity of the mountain.

At the diſtance of two werſts from Lauterbrunnen, I obſerved the ſo-called Staubbach, which precipitates itſelf from the top of a rock above nine hundred feet high. At the diſtance from which I firſt ſaw it, the fall reſembled an immoveable pillar of milk-white foam. I approached this phænomenon with ſwift ſteps, and viewed it from all ſides. The water ruſhes with ſuch

force, as ſcarcely to touch the ſide of the rock. It is inſtantly diſperſed in air, and at length reaches the ground in the form of fine mizzling rain, which may be perceived in a circumference of a hundred paces. My clothes became thoroughly wet in a few minutes. We then approached another water-fall, called the Trummerbach. The current has broken through a large rock, from which it ruſhes furiouſly into the valley, where it by degrees becomes placid, and at laſt flows along in a limpid ſtream. The perforated rock, and the thundering water-fall, belong to thoſe rude beauties which delight the lover of nature. Seated upon an elevated ſtone, I contemplated this grand ſpectacle above an hour, and at length returned to Lauterbrunnen, where I arrived much fatigued.

Eight o'clock in the evening.

The moon, in mild majeſty, has riſen above the valley. I am ſitting on a ſoft green plot, and ſee her ſhed her ſilver light over the mountains, glimmer through the dark verdure of the fir-trees, and illumine the ſummit of the Jungfrau, one of the loftieſt of the Alps, which is covered with everlaſting ice. It is crowned with two ſnow-clad ſummits reſembling the breaſts of a female boſom. Not a creature has yet aſcended, nor can even the tempeſt reach them; only the ſun and moon play upon their delicate ſurface. Perpetual ſilence prevails around them; there is the termination of the terreſtial creation. I look around me, but can no where diſcover a paſſage out of this narrow valley.

From the Herdſmen's Cottages, on the Alps.

My conductor wakened me at four o'clock. I graſped my herculean club, followed him, and proceeded the firſt ſtep up the mountain with veneration. I climbed forward. The morning was at firſt cool; but it grew ſoon ſo hot as to oblige me to put off my great coat. In a ſhort time I became tired, and was forced to reſt frequently. My blood was at the ſame time ſo ſtrongly agitated, that I could hear my pulſe beat. My conductor ſhewed me prodigious fragments, which, about ten years ſince, were detached from the rock, and could eaſily have overwhelmed a whole town. I perceived almoſt inceſſantly a faint noiſe, occaſioned by the ſnow falling from the mountains. Woe to the unhappy wanderer who is overtaken by theſe maſſes of ſnow! His death is inevitable.

I kept aſcending above four hours on a narrow path, which now and then entirely diſappeared; and at laſt attained to the object of my moſt fervent wiſhes. I arrived at the top of the mountain, where a moſt wonderful alteration at once took place with me. I loſt all ſenſation of fatigue, my ſtrength returned, I breathed with eaſe and freedom, and an uncommon tranquillity and joy took poſſeſſion of my heart. I ſunk upon my knees, and,

and, looking towards Heaven, I offered up my adoration to him who has ſo plainly ſtamped the ſeal of his omnipotence, grandeur, infinity, upon theſe maſſes of rock and ſnow. I ſtood on the higheſt ſtep which mortals can tread, when they wiſh to approach the throne of the Moſt High. I was incapable of uttering a word; and yet I am ſure I never prayed with ſuch fervour as at that moment. Thus I here experienced the truth of what Rouſſeau ſomewhere ſays, concerning the effects of the mountain air. I had left behind in the valley all thoſe ſorrows and cares, all thoſe thoughts and ſenſations, which confine and oppreſs the nobler part of man; and I looked with compaſſion on the inhabitants of Lauterbrunnen, without envying them the magnificent ſpectacle of the ſilver Staubbach, which the ſun's rays muſt, at that moment, have illumined. Here, man feels the grand purpoſe for which he was deſigned; here, he forgets his earthly native country, and becomes a citizen of the univerſe. Here, the ſtream of time vaniſhes from his mind's eye, and his ideas are plunged in the ocean of eternity. When he looks at the mountains, connected by chains of ice, and covered with perpetual ſnows, on which the lapſe of ages makes not the ſlighteſt alteration, reverential awe thrills his heart; when he reflects on the Omnipotent Hand that piled theſe mighty maſſes up to the clouds; and will, perhaps, once ſink them into ocean's profoundeſt abyſs.

I continued my route with ſwift ſtep and cheerful mind, acroſs this mountain, which is called the Wengenalpe; and, after having paſſed by the Jungfrau, and the Eiger, both of which reſt upon the Wengenalpe, as upon a pedeſtal, I arrived at ſome cottages, inhabited in ſummer by herdſmen. Theſe honeſt, artleſs people, obliged me to go into their cottages, where they ſet before me milk and cheeſe. They had no bread, but that article my conductor had provided. This formed my frugal repaſt, ſeated on the trunk of a tree; for table and chairs conſtitute no part of the furniture of theſe ſimple children of nature. Two ſprightly young ſhepherdeſſes, who looked at me, ſmiled inceſſantly; but, when I told them that I was delighted with a life like their's, ſimple and free from cares, and that I ſhould like to remain in their company, and milk the cows with them, they burſt into loud laughter.

Grindelwald, ſeven o'clock in the evening.

After leaving the herdſmen's cottages, we walked above an hour on flowery, odoriferous meadows, covered with grazing herds. We then deſcended towards Grindelwald, which was within view. This village, conſiſting of between two and three hundred houſes ſcattered over the valley, affords an agreeable view. At the ſame time, I obſerved the upper glacier; it was ſome time before we could diſcover the lower, as it was hid by

the mountain which we were deſcending. Theſe glaciers are the objects which attract travellers to Grindelward. I went to ſee the lower, which was the neareſt to me. Between two mountains riſe immenſe maſſes, or pyramids of ice; in which I did not, however, like a French traveller, diſcover any reſemblance to the cryſtal caſtles of enchantment; but they certainly exhibit a magnificent ſpectacle. I do not recollect who firſt compared the glaciers to a turbulent ſea, whoſe waves are ſuddenly arreſted by the moſt intenſe froſt, and converted, at once, into ice; but the thought is admirably expreſſive, and truly poetic.

After viewing the glaciers from the ſpot where the turbid current of the Lutſchine precipates itſelf with a dreadful roar, from one of its cavities, and hurries along large ſtones in its courſe, I reſolved to aſcend higher. Unfortunately, my conductor was not acquainted with the moſt convenient way to the ſummit of the hill. This was not ſufficient to deter me from my purpoſe, and I began to aſcend by the ſide of the ice. I had no other footing than ſmall ſtones, which rolled from under my feet, and I ſtumbled every moment, till I was at length obliged to creep on all-fours; and to lay hold of the large ſtones in order to help myſelf forward. My guide called after me, that he ſhould abandon me to my fate. I regarded him with contempt, and, without returning him any anſwer, climbed higher and higher, till I had at laſt ſurmounted every obſtacle. I had then a view over, almoſt, the whole of this mountain of ice; over which are ſcattered, as it were, lofty pyramids. At a diſtance, they appear ſmaller and ſmaller; and at length totally diſappear. I lay here, above an hour, on a ſtone projecting over the abyſs, and then ſet off on my return to Grindelwald, where I arrived, if not quite without feet, at leaſt without ſhoes. Fortunately, I had taken another pair with me, in caſe they ſhould be wanted.

(To be continued.)

Part of Mr. Juſtice Hardinge's Charge to the Grand Jury of the County of Brecon, at the late Spring Aſſize.

SINCE I told you in the autumn of laſt year, "that all Britain was to be in arms," the miracle has been accompliſhed, and you have your ſhare in it, a band of military patriots have ſprung to the national defence—every male of a competent age has received the new ſtamp of a ſoldier's character—the young for the old, and ſtrong for the weak. Eloquence animates this high ſpirit, and wiſdom is its guide; the purſe opens itſelf in aid of the ſword, the heart and the head are united champions for the altar and throne, for the liberties of Europe, the charities of

of domeſtic life, the moral intereſt of the world, and the native ſpirit of the human character.

Deprecating the effuſion of blood, I lament that our enemy has no taſte for principles like thoſe, that he has no conception of that moſt elevated pride which can put fetters upon itſelf—that he would refuſe to reign, unleſs he could make the liberties of men paſſive inſtruments of his jealouſy, revenge, and caprice.

I had occaſion laſt year to reprobate his trial by juries, with a power to ſupercede it by a word or a nod; but never could I imagine what the laſt month has made known to us.

I conjure you to mark it, and with pride of contraſt in more views of it than one.

A conſpiracy againſt the firſt conſul's life has been ſtated by him, and prejudged of courſe—the accuſed are men of character—one of them a formidable competitor of his military fame. The conſul tells his children, "that armed by their love he has no fear, and conſigns the incendiaries to the mercy of the law," pointing at theſe juries!

The words have ſcarce iſſued from his lips before a mandate eſcapes from him, by which his own creatures are made the ſole judges of the law and the fact over thoſe victims of his power.

The contraſt is worth your attention. He had barely put his ſword into the ſheath, when a conſpiracy in this iſland for the murder of the king and of all his race, for the ſubverſion of the government, and for a new revolution, upon French principles, was detected, without any convulſion of the public mind; was tried with every advantage to the accuſed that candour and mercy could prompt, without removing a ſingle barrier from the legal preſumptions of innocence, which are multiplied here in proportion to the enormity of the guilt imputed.

But another branch of the contraſt is of tenfold importance! In a little time after the ſentence of death was paſſed upon the conſpirators by the firſt magiſtrate in our criminal judicature, the chief juſtice of the King's Bench; M. Peltier, proprietor of "The Ambigu," a man of abilities and character; an emigrant from the uſurper of the regal diadem in France (domiciled here), diſguſted by the tyrannies of the uſurper, then upon terms of amity with us, wrote an eloquent, able, and ſpirited invective againſt him. This man, by a conſtruction of law, peculiar to our juriſprudence, and congenial to the high ſpirit of the national character, was tried for this offence to the firſt conſul—was tried in our court of juſtice, and before the very ſame enlightened magiſtrate—was proſecuted by our king, and convicted by an Engliſh verdict of a libel upon our government.

What

What is the return for it? we are branded in every court of Europe as accomplices to rid the world of the ſame firſt conſul by an aſſaſſin's arm!

It is natural for tyrants, elevated into military deſpotiſm, to ſhudder when the poiſoned cup is returning to their lips. It is natural for them to be alarmed at the ſound of the falling "leaf" —and they ſee a dagger planted in every hand. But we reprobate ſuch implements of enmity as theſe, and we ſhall, I truſt, avenge the honour of the nation's character by its natural weapons—by the ſword of heroes, and the courage of patriots—till ſecurity can be obtained, upon terms which cannot be violated, for thoſe proud heir-looms of Britiſh inheritance—liberty—the hatred of tyrants, and ſpirit againſt oppreſſion.

The STORY *of the* TWO SISTERS.

(Concluded from Page 331.)

THE unfortunate Belville was one of the moſt zealous of the partizans of Richard, fought bravely in his cauſe, and was amongſt thoſe of the king's followers, who ſhared the fate of their royal maſter in Boſworth Field. He was near Richard in great part of the battle, and was alſo a witneſs of his death, and his own horſe being killed under him, either by the fall, or by being trampled on in the confuſion, his thigh was broken, and, after Richmond's party had obtained the victory, this gallant youth was carried, with ſeveral others, wounded, into Leiceſter, where, his rank being known, he was lodged in a monaſtery of black friars, in that city.

His page, Bertram, who had ſerved him from his infancy, took care that aſſiſtance ſhould be procured him, but the fever which was occaſioned by the accident, together with the many bruiſes he had received, neither gave himſelf, or thoſe about him, any other proſpect but that of approaching death.

Thoſe who contemplate Belville a few weeks before, in the full vigour of youth, flattering himſelf with every expectation of happineſs that virtue, fortune, and an union with one of the loveliеſt of women, could preſent to his imagination; and now picture him, ſtretched on a poor pallet, ſurrounded by a parcel of mendicant friars, his countenance ſhrunk and wan, and his eyes fixed with humility and reſignation on a crucifix which they held before him, cannot, ſurely, by the contraſt, avoid drop a ſigh at the fallacy of human hopes!

A little before he expired he deſired to be left alone with his page, that he might give him his lateſt orders.

"Bertram," ſays he, looking wiſtfully on him, "the day that hath ruined our Sovereign's fortune hath blaſted mine! and

that, too, in the moment when it ſhone the faireſt! Thou wilt ſoon render me the laſt of thy faithful ſervices! Let my body reſt with the fathers of this houſe; and, as ſoon as thou haſt ſeen its due rites performed, ſpeed thee to Canterbury, and acquaint the holy abbot of Saint Auguſtin with the bloody event of yeſterday. Conjure him that he unfold it to my intended bride in ſuch manner as his diſcretion ſhall adviſe. Bear her this jewel from my finger, in token that my laſt thoughts dwelt on her; and tell her, my only ſigh in leaving the world was for the loſing her, whoſe virtues ſo embelliſhed it!"

The faithful Bertram dropped a tear of affection and gratitude over the grave of his gallant maſter; and journeying to Canterbury, with a burſting heart, preſented himſelf before the abbot, with ſuch a countenance as hardly needed a tongue to tell his melancholy errand.

The arrival of Belville's page could not be long a ſecret to Iſabella, who was then at her uncle's, and whoſe mind inſtantly foreboded ſome extraordinary event, though the news of the battle had not yet reached that city.

When Saint Clair was himſelf ſufficiently compoſed to open the mournful buſineſs to his niece, he ſpared none of that ghoſtly comfort which a good man would offer on ſuch an occaſion, though the amount of all that can be ſaid to the ſons and daughters of affliction is no more than this, that it is our duty and our intereſt to bear, with patience, that which it is not in our power to alter! The emotions of nature muſt ſubſide before the ſoothing voice of reaſon can be heard.

Iſabella, after giving way to the firſt tranſports of paſſion, aſſumed a fortitude and reſignation which her piety alone could inſpire. She deſired that Bertram might be detained two or three days at the monaſtery, and, as ſoon as her mind was more fortified, ſhe would diſpatch him to her ſiſter Frances, whom ſhe could then bear to ſee with more calmneſs, and to whom ſhe ſent the following letter, by the hands of the page.

" Most Beloved Sister,

" I am plunged from the height of imaginary happineſs into the depth of real diſtreſs! The meſſenger who delivers this will inform you of my ſituation, and to him I refer you for particulars, which I am unable to dwell on. Belville is no more! All that dream of happineſs which I hoped for, from an alliance with that dear, that amiable man, is vaniſhed in an inſtant! and I wake into a world that hath no object for my regard, but the affection of my ever tender Frances! I ſupport my adverſity with all the fortitude I can ſummon up; but Heaven only knows the ſtruggles of my heart! From the time that the united ſolicitations of you and my uncle prevailed on me (though reluctantly) to abſent myſelf from you, my ſoul hath been agi-

tated

tated between hope and diſappointment! I will truſt the fallacy of the world no more; the remainder of my days ſhall be paſſed with you; and we will end life as we began it, in an inſeparable union. Your converſe, and the ſolitude of a cloiſter, can alone reſtore tranquillity to the mind of your ever faithful and diſconſolate

" ISABELLA."

When the lady abbeſs ſaw her ſiſter, ſhe found her ſtill more confirmed in her reſolution of entering on a monaſtic life. Her uncle, conceiving it might beſt reſtore a calm to her troubled ſpirits, no longer oppoſed it; and as ſoon as her affairs were properly adjuſted, and every thing prepared, ſhe took the veil in the convent where Frances preſided.

Iſabella now found in religion the only conſolation for her paſt misfortunes; and though the remembrance of her beloved Belville would often come acroſs her, and ſpread a temporary gloom over her mind, yet ſhe conſtantly ſtrove to diſpel it by piety and reſignation. The two ſiſters enjoyed all that heart-felt pleaſure which ariſes from rooted friendſhip; and, as the effects of benevolent diſpoſitions operate on all around, their's ſerved to communicate happineſs to all the ſiſterhood.

The Louvain manuſcript informs us, that after theſe ladies had paſſed near fourteen years in this peaceful retirement, the abbeſs was ſeized with an alarming fever, the effects of which hung ſo long upon her that they greatly endangered her life. It is not difficult to conceive how ſevere Iſabella's ſufferings were, in this dreadful interval of ſuſpenſe and apprehenſion, or the anxieties of her mind, till her ſiſter was reſtored to health.

Frances, during her illneſs, had made a private vow to the Bleſſed Virgin Mary, that, if ſhe recovered, ſhe would ſend ſome coſtly offering to a chapel, which was conſecrated to her, at a little port called Bradſtow, or Broad-Stairs, in the iſle of Thanet (part of which chapel is at this day remaining); and in which her image was eſteemed to work ſuch great miracles, that pilgrims came from parts very remote to viſit it; and it was held in ſuch veneration, that all ſhips paſſing within ſight of it are reported to have conſtantly lowered their top-ſails to ſalute it. And the feaſt of the Invention of the Holy Croſs, which was the 3d day of May, being to be celebrated there, with great ſolemnity, her gratitude for her recovery, and for the ſuppoſed interceſſion of the Virgin, determined her to go herſelf at that time, and fulfil her vow.

Iſabella obtained permiſſion to accompany her ſiſter in this devout purpoſe; and the roads being little frequented in that age, and a horſe almoſt the only conveyance, they reſolved to put themſelves, with two attendants, aboard a paſſage-ſloop, that uſually went, at ſtated times, from Feverſham to Broad-Stairs,

and other parts along the coaſt between that place and the Downs.

They ſet ſail in the evening, but had not been at ſea above two hours before a violent ſtorm aroſe. Every one who is acquainted with the navigation of this coaſt, quite to the mouth of the Thames, knows how difficult it is rendered, by reaſon of the many flats and banks of ſand that obſtruct it.

The ſuddenneſs and fury of the ſtorm, together with the thunder and lightning that accompanied it, threw a diſmay amongſt all the paſſengers; and the mariners, from the oppoſition of the wind and tide, were unable to direct the veſſel. To purſue their courſe was impracticable; they therefore attempted to ſave themſelves by running in on the ſhore, at a place called Reculver (which is a ſmall village, though of great antiquity, ſituate on the borders of the iſle of Thanet); but the advance of night, and a thick fog, prevented them from diſcerning exactly whereabout they were. Every endeavour to reach the ſhore was fruſtrated by the ſtorm driving them from it; and their ſails being all ſhattered, a ſudden ſwell of the ſea bore them quite out of their direction, and ſtruck the veſſel on a bank of ſand, called the Horſe, that lies a little off from Reculver.

The ſurprize, the confuſion, and the image of death, that muſt naturally ruſh into the minds of people who are on the point of being wrecked, can only be juſtly felt, or deſcribed, by thoſe who have ſtood in ſo dreadful a ſituation. Each one recommended himſelf to God, and to his tutelar ſaint. The mariners hoiſted out their long-boat as precipitately as they could; and that which moſt agitated the thoughts of Frances and Iſabella was the mutual preſervation of each other.

Scarce was the boat on the ſurface of the waves when every one was eager to ruſh into it, for it was certain the veſſel muſt bulge in a few hours; and, to add to the horror, night advanced. The captain, almoſt by force, dragged the lady abbeſs and her ſiſter from the cabin; and ſcarce had he helped the firſt, half dead as ſhe was, down the ſide of the ſhip, when thoſe who were already in the boat, finding they muſt all periſh if more got in, puſhed off inſtantly, and rowed towards ſhore, in ſpite of the menaces of the captain, who ſtood on deck, ſupporting Iſabella, the intreaties of the abbeſs, who was wild to return, or the cries of the paſſengers left behind.

The only faint hope which now remained to thoſe on board, was, that the veſſel might poſſibly hold together till ſome aſſiſtance could be obtained from the ſhore, which they ſtill flattered themſelves would come in caſe the boat reached the land, which it providentially did, though with the utmoſt riſk. Every one who remained in the veſſel was reſigned to his fate; and ſurrounded, as Iſabella was, by impending death, it afforded no

ſmall conſolation to her to think there was a poſſibility that her ſiſter had eſcaped.

It was four hours after the arrival of the boat before any one durſt venture out; when, the ſtorm abating with the departure of the tide, and the day being near dawning, a large boat put off to the wreck. When thoſe who went to aſſiſt got to it, they found all the people on board retired to different places beneath the deck, great part of which was broken away. Iſabella had remained in the cabin; one ſide of which was alſo waſhed off, and the room half filled with water; ſhe was almoſt exhauſted by the terrors ſhe had ſuſtained, the bruiſes ſhe had received, and the extreme cold in which ſhe had ſo long ſuffered. They led her with the utmoſt gentleneſs from this wretched place; while ſhe, all pale and trembling, ſcarcely comprehended at firſt what they were doing; yet life ſeemed to flush anew in her countenance on hearing that her ſiſter was preſerved.

As ſoon as they had brought her on ſhore ſhe was ſupported by ſeveral women, who were waiting to receive her, and conducted to the houſe where the lady abbeſs was. Frances, tranſported at the firſt ſight of her ſiſter, ran out to meet Iſabella, who, the moment ſhe approached, made an effort to ſpring forward to her, but ſunk down, overpowered, into the arms of her attendants. Frances claſped her hand, and in an eager joy would have uttered ſomething, but could only faintly pronounce her name, and fell at her feet in a ſwoon.

Iſabella was immediately put into bed, and received every aſſiſtance that could be procured; but her ſtrength and ſpirits were ſo far exhauſted, by the terror and fatigue which her mind and body had undergone, and by remaining ſo many hours in water, that ſhe lived but till the evening of the following day.

Frances, though ſtill ſinking from the ſhock and agitation of the preceding night, forgot, in her attention to her ſiſter, her own ſufferings. She never ſtirred from her bedſide, and often accuſed herſelf as being the fatal cauſe of all that had befallen her, by ſuffering her attendance in this expedition. Iſabella chid her for thinking ſo, declaring it was the will of Heaven, to which ſhe patiently ſubmitted. "Though we came into the world together," ſays ſhe, "yet, as we were not deſtined to periſh together, a time muſt inevitably have come when death would have diſſolved our union. I rejoice that I am not the ſurvivor. I die, where I have ever wiſhed to live, in the arms of the moſt beloved of ſiſters. Pray for the repoſe of my ſoul; and lay me in the tomb which you have allotted to be your own, that one grave may in death hold our remains, who in life had but one heart."

The loſs of Iſabella plunged the lady abbeſs into that deep diſtreſs which minds, formed like her's, with the nobleſt ſentiments of tenderneſs and benevolence, muſt, on ſuch a trial,

inevitably

inevitably feel. She cauſed the body of her unfortunate ſiſter to be tranſported in ſolemnity to their convent, where, after it had been expoſed with accuſtomed rites, it was depoſited, with every mark of reſpect, in a vault, on one ſide of the ſhrine of Saint Benedict, bedewed with tears of the moſt heart-felt ſorrow, dropped from the eyes of all the ſiſterhood.

When time and reflection had ſomewhat calmed her affliction, Frances failed not to tranſmit, by the hands of her confeſſor (her uncle, the abbot, having been ſome time dead), her intended offering to the Virgin of Broad-Stairs, accompanied by a donation of twelve maſſes, to be ſaid for the repoſe of Iſabella's ſoul. And ſoon after, to perpetuate the memory of her ſiſter, as well as to direct mariners in their courſe, that they might eſcape the ſad calamity herſelf had ſo fatally experienced, ſhe cauſed a very ancient church, that ſtood on a riſing ground juſt above the village of Reculver, and which was greatly fallen into decay, to be reſtored, and much enlarged; and at one end thereof erected two towers, with lofty ſpires upon them, the which ſhe directed ſhould be called The Siſters; and to this day it retains the name, and is a ſea-mark of great utility.

In leſs than ſeven years the whole church was completed, which ſhe endowed very liberally, by a grant out of her own fortune; and ordained, that there ſhould be celebrated one ſolemn maſs, on the firſt day of every month (the wreck having happened on the firſt of May); and that a perpetual litany ſhould be ſung, for the eternal peace of the departed Iſabella.

She lived to ſee this her will executed, as well as to beſtow many other charitable donations, not only on the convent over which ſhe preſided, but on ſeveral other religious inſtitutions; and was, from her amiable character and pious example, beloved and reſpected to the laſt hour of her life.

She ſurvived Iſabella eleven years, and died moſt ſincerely and deſervedly lamented, towards the end of the year 1512.

Her remains, purſuant to her own deſire, were depoſited by the ſide of thoſe of her ſiſter, with all that ſolemnity due to her high rank and office. A monument was erected near to the place, where they were interred, with their figures kneeling, hand in hand, before a croſs; and beneath it, a plate of braſs, recording their unſhaken friendſhip.

Faithful, congenial ſpirits! in whatſoever world ye reſide, peace be your lot, as virtue was your portion here!—Long, long may this memorial of your love remain, to guide the dubious veſſel in its courſe, and make your names bleſt by the wanderers of the deep!

DESCRIPTION *of* POTZDAM, *in* PRUSSIA.

POTZDAM, formerly called in the Vandal tongue Pozdupimi, which ſignifies "ſituated amidſt oaks," was originally built by the Vandals.

It is not eaſy to imagine a more ſtriking and pleaſing appearance than that which Potzdam affords. The town, which is very extenſive, is built with the greateſt exactneſs and ſymmetry; the ſtreets, long and ſpacious, are formed by regular rows of houſes of even height and projection, fronted with white ſtone, and ſimple of architecture: a baker's ſhop bears the appearance of a gentleman's dwelling houſe; the windows, the doors, the roofs, diſplay alike the pediment and the cornice. The number and the beauty of public buildings, private edifices, palaces, bridges, canals, manufactories, and ſtructures for humane inſtitutions, at once form a fine *coup d'œil*; while no abrupt inequality of appearance ſtrikes the eye by a ſudden tranſition from the magnificence of a royal dwelling or public edifice to the uncomely pent-houſe and caſement of a mean habitation. The intereſt of the view is uninterruptedly kept up, by the eye being led merely from the greater degree of ſplendour and fine architecture to the ſmaller proportion of the ſame appearance. Every body at Potzdam does not dwell in a palace equally ſuperb; but all have a comfortable habitation. This uncommon advantage to the inhabitants is not merely the effect of an elegant taſte thus gratified by decorating the royal town, but originated equally in munificence; for all theſe handſome houſes were built at the king's own expence, and preſented in free gift by Frederick the Second to the owners of the old ones.

However handſome Potzdam is in itſelf, it will afford little pleaſure to thoſe who are not fond of almoſt conſtantly meeting with ſoldiers on chargers and on foot, and of ſeeing ſentry boxes in every ſtreet, and barracks under many a colonnade; beſide hearing drums and martial muſic, and witneſſing military exerciſes of every kind, which are of courſe regularly carried on with the daily preciſion of garriſon duty.

There are nine gates to the town, five of which cloſe it on the ſide of the land, and four are water gates, or quays. All theſe are conſtructed, more or leſs, in a very handſome ſtyle of building. The gate of Brandenburgh is remarkably fine, modelled on the triumphal arch of Hadrian at Rome; victory, in a quadriga finely executed in bronze, commands the traveller's attention from a conſiderable diſtance, as he approaches the town through a long viſta of mulberry trees, which form avenues to almoſt all the five gates. This gate is ſo fine, that his majeſty Frederick William the Second cauſed one ſimilar to it to be erected at the end of the lime walk at Berlin.

The

The town of Potzdam is ſituated four German leagues, or about twenty-two Engliſh miles, from Berlin, three and a half from Charlottenberg, two from Spandau, four from Brandenburgh, and one from Werder. The principal roads leading from the town are that of Brandenburgh on the ſide of the empire and Holland; that of Belitze towards Saxony, by Wittenberg and Hall; and that of Ruppin by Nauen, on the rout of Mecklenburgh.

Potzdam, from its poſition, poſſeſſes great advantages for trade and commerce. The river Havel, on the right bank of which the diſtrict ſtands, abounds with fiſh of nearly all kinds: it is ſufficiently broad and deep to admit of veſſels of conſiderable burthen freely navigating; conſequently craft of all tonnage, freighted with merchandizes of all countries, are conſtantly to be ſeen, either clearing outwards or entering. On one ſide the connection is direct, down the Elbe, with the German ocean; on the other, by the Spree and the Oder, the intercourſe is immediate with the Baltic. Thus the whole navigation of Hamburgh to Breſlau, and the reſt of Sileſia, as alſo to Weſt Pruſſia through the Bremberg canal, is obliged to take one and the ſame courſe by the Havel.

An immenſe inland navigation was opened by means of canals, and by diverting the courſe of different branches of the Nuth, as well as by ſinking in many places the bed of the river itſelf. In conſequence of which ſyſtem of aqueduct, ſtrata, of naturally moſt unprolific ſoil, were fertilized, while at the ſame time eaſy means of tranſport were opened for wood, the grand article of firing in Germany, from all the furrounding foreſts, and a free circulation of commerce was promoted. By ſuch uſeful inſtitutions, the town of Potzdam gradually revived, and in the rapid progreſs of its improvements began to loſe the remembrance of all thoſe calamities which had overwhelmed it during the courſe of the ſeven years' war, when it was taken poſſeſſion of by a victorious enemy, and laid under the heavy contribution of 22,000 rix-dollars.

Frederick the Second, on his acceſſion to the throne, made choice of Potzdam for his principal place of reſidence, and embelliſhed it with every ornament of art, and enriched it with the benefit of every uſeful inſtitution. It is not in the power of the author, who made but a ſtay of three days there, to give an enumeration of all thoſe works, as well as of the various objects deſerving particular notice in the different large palaces of Sans Souci and Potzdam; neither could he venture in this ſlight ſketch to detail, with that minuteneſs which juſtice would demand, the different beneficent and eleemoſynary inſtitutions, as well as the extenſive and valuable commercial improvements and rich manufactories, which were eſtabliſhed at great expence, and are maintained and improved with extreme munificence, and

great

great advantage to the kingdom, under the proſperous reign of his ſucceſſor Frederick William the Second, which was at its melancholy cloſe at the time the author made his excurſion to Pruſſia.

Anecdote of the celebrated Mr. Nolan: with Obſervations on the Paſſion of Fear.

THOUGH the paſſion of fear is generally allowed to be a concomitant with natural weakneſs and imbecility of mind, yet this, like all other opinions, is not without exception, for magnanimity and apprehenſion are ſometimes ſingularly combined. This may either be produced by ſome nervous affection, or by the effect which early impreſſions impart; for when the judgment allows the fallacy of a nurſe's idle ſtory, yet ſtill the recollection of the horror excited by the relation, has often produced a kind of fearful ſenſation about the heart.—Dr. Johnſon, for example, whoſe mind was capable of the moſt extraordinary exertions, was yet liable to the moſt painful impreſſions from fear, and the ſubject of death was never mentioned in his preſence, without producing emotions he was unable to conceal.

Fortunate it is for the riſing generation, that the method of education is very much improved, and that children are ſeldom intimidated into good behaviour, by exciting the paſſion of fear in their minds. The ſurpriſing exploits of ghoſts, or the hiſtory of hobgoblins, are no longer permitted to become a nurſery theme; but I ſtill recollect the alarming impreſſion which a relation of their extraordinary atchievements produced.

Among the lower claſs of people, a belief in their exiſtence, even at this period, generally prevails; and I ſhall cloſe my obſervations upon this ſubject, by amuſing my readers with an Hibernian tale; not merely for the purpoſe of ſhewing the credulity of the people, but to prove that religious confidence is the deſtroyer of fear.

A woman in Dublin, poſſeſſed of ſome little property, among which was a ſmall houſe in which ſhe was accuſtomed to reſide, circulated a ſtory, which ſoon ſpread through the neighbourhood, of having her reſt diſturbed by a ghoſt every night. This ſupernatural being appeared in the form of a female, dreſſed in long black robes; an irradiate light ſurrounded her features, which were equally expreſſive of diſtreſs and fear!—The curtains of the bed were undrawn by this alarming phantom, who made ſigns to the terrified woman to follow it out of the room; and at length, induced by the ardency of her intreaties, two of her relations agreed to come and ſleep in the houſe.

Though the ghoſt did not make a viſible appearance to them, yet they were alarmed with the moſt appalling noiſe; and the occupier of the houſe proteſted that it had threatened her, and vowed ſhe would not remain there another night.

A gentleman of the name of Nolan, whoſe poetic talents are much admired in that part of the world, hearing that the poor woman had actually quitted her habitation, and that the whole neighbourhood were very much alarmed, offered a bet to one of his acquaintance, that he would remain a whole night locked up in the houſe.

The ſtory had been ſo ſtrongly atteſted, that the being locked up in a houſe ſo viſited, ſeemed a formidable affair; in conſequence of which the bet was accepted, and the heroic defier of hobgoblins retired to his retreat, with a brace of piſtols in his pocket, and a faithful dog by his ſide. At the awful hour, when ſpirits are ſuppoſed to emerge from their gloomy manſion, and univerſal ſilence and ſtillneſs prevails, a violent noiſe was heard in the apartments, attended by hollow groans, and the clanking of chains. Unintimidated by theſe alarming ſymptoms, Mr. Nolan declared he would ſhoot the firſt being that entered the room; yet, that his declaration was not made from hardened inſenſibility, but from the influence which religious confidence produces upon the mind, may eaſily be diſcovered by the following lines, which his friends found lying upon the table, when they releaſed their priſoner on the enſuing morning:—

STANZA,

Written in a Haunted Room.

If, from the cearments of the ſilent dead,
Our long departed friends ſhould riſe anew;
Why feel a horror, or conceive a dread,
To ſee again thoſe friends, whom once we knew?

Father of All! Thou gav'ſt not to our ken
To view beyond the aſhes of the grave;
'Tis not the idle tales of trifling men
That can appal.—The truly brave,
Seated on reaſon's adamantine throne,
Complace the ſoul, and fear no ills unknown!

Oh! if the flinty priſon of the grave
Could looſe its doors, and let the ſpirit flee;
Why not return the wife, the juſt, the brave,
And ſet once more the pride of ages free?
Why not reſtore a Socrates again?
Or give thee Newton, as the firſt of men?

CURE

CURE *for the* GOUT.

DR. STONEHOUSE, of Edinburgh, has adopted a method for the cure of the gout, no leſs important for its ſimplicity than the almoſt inſtantaneous ſucceſs with which it is attended. The method is no more than holding the affected part over hot or boiling water. Gout he conſiders as proceeding from obſtruction. By the action of ſteam the fibres are relaxed, or what is the ſame thing, the preſſure of the common atmoſphere is diminiſhed, and the cure of courſe follows. To confirm this theory by facts, the doctor relates his practice on himſelf in two inſtances. He was firſt attacked in the hand; when the fit had acquired its laſt ſtage, both in pain and ſwelling, he held his hand over a common tureen full of boiling water. In a few minutes the pain abated, and in twenty-five minutes entirely ſubſided, and had it not been for the ſwelling, he could have uſed his hand as well as if nothing had happened. The ſecond attack was in his foot, which he allowed to proceed for twenty-four hours. He then ſuſpended it over a pail nearly full of boiling water, and covered it with flannel. In the courſe of an hour he was free from pain, and walked about the room as uſual. The doctor obſerves, that in caſe his ſtomach or bowels ſhall be attacked, he will immerſe his whole body in a hogſhead of ſteam. He has been in good health, and free from gout, ever ſince he tried theſe experiments, though very near ſeventy. This vapour bath ought to be repeated ſeveral times, even after the pain is removed, in order to effect a radical cure.

AN ANECDOTE.

DR. JOHNSON, though from an early period of life in habits of familiar intimacy with Garrick, never entertained a cordial affection for him, and excluded him from the club in Ivy-Lane, leſt Davy ſhould diſturb it with his buffoonry. The truth is, the doctor had a thorough contempt for the *profeſſion*, as he emphatically ſtyled it, of an actor, and frequently treated Garrick with the auſterity of a ſchoolmaſter, by aſſuming a right of correcting his enunciation. "You often," ſaid Johnſon, "miſtake the emphatical word of a ſentence;"—"Give me an example," ſaid Garrick; "I cannot," anſwered Johnſon, "recollect one, but repeat the ſeventh commandment." Garrick pronounced it, "Thou *ſhalt* not commit adultery;"—"You are wrong," ſaid Johnſon, "it is a negative precept, and ought to be pronounced thus—thou ſhalt *not* commit adultery."

Johnſon's objection to the admiſſion of Garrick, notwithſtanding their long continued acquaintance, may be juſtified

by Garrick's deficiency in uſeful and ſound learning; he was no diſquiſitor, his reading had been confined, and he could contribute little elſe to the pleaſures of ſober and inſtructive converſation than the fleeting occurrences of the day, or the petty detail of theatrical intrigue. Even his knowledge of the world was derived through the medium of dramatic writers, who are far from being the ſafeſt guides.

A LETTER *of* DR. FRANKLIN, *on* DUELLING.

Addreſſed to T. Percival, M.D.

DEAR SIR, *Paſſy, near Paris, July* 17, 1784.

IT is aſtoniſhing that the murderous practice of duelling, which you ſo juſtly condemn, ſhould continue ſo long in vogue. Formerly, when duels were uſed to determine lawſuits, from an opinion that providence would, in every inſtance, favour truth and right with victory, they were more excuſable. At preſent they decide nothing. A man ſays ſomething which another tells him is a lie. They fight; but which ever is killed the point in diſpute remains unſettled. To this purpoſe they have a pleaſant little ſtory here: A gentleman, in a coffee-houſe, deſired another to ſit farther from him.—" Why ſo!"—" Becauſe, Sir, you ſmell offenſively."—" That is an affront, and you muſt fight me."—" I will fight you if you inſiſt upon it. But I do not ſee how that will mend the matter. For if you kill *me* I ſhall ſmell too; and if I kill *you*, you will ſmell, if poſſible, worſe than you do at preſent."—How can ſuch miſerable ſinners as we are, entertain ſo much pride as to conceive that every offence againſt our imagined honour merits death? Theſe *petty princes*, in their own opinion, would call that ſovereign a *tyrant*, who ſhould put one of them to death for a little uncivil language, though pointed at his ſacred perſon. Yet *every one* of them makes himſelf *judge* in his own cauſe, condemns the offender without a jury, and undertakes himſelf to be the *executioner*.

SPECIMEN *of* ORTHOGRAPHY.

Weſt Penard, Feb. 1, 1802

GEORGE C—— Titheng Mene Hath Heare By the ordear of Robartt C—— putt a in Bargoe on the Goods of Richard H—— For Three quarters of a Years Rentt Wich is Due To Him Criſmas Laſt Paſt

To Mr. R—— H—— Weſt Penard

Anſwer, by P. Gove, of Exeter, to J. B. Bloomfield's Anagram, inſerted March 5

THO' LEA's waters may regale,
I'd ſooner take a draught of ALE.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from W. Strong, T. Whicker, and R. Holwell, of Exeter; W. H. Pippett, of Colyton; W. Mann, of Aſhburton; T. Rutger, of Clowance; and A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth.

Anſwer, by S. Otvau, of Plymouth Dock, to Recluſe's Enigma, inſerted March 5.

IN your enigma I can feel,
That thoſe you mean have hearts of STEEL.

† We have received the like anſwer from A. Kyne, jun. and W. Bickham, jun. of Dartmouth; T. Whicker, R. Holwell, P. Gove, and William Strong, of Exeter; J. E. of Aſhburton; and G. Holland, of Stoke Abbot.

Anſwer, by T. Whicker, of Exeter, to W. Bickham's Rebus, inſerted March 5.

THE name of CHATTERTON well pleas'd I greet,
And his lov'd pages oft I gladly meet.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from R. Holwell, E. Moon, and W. Strong, of Exeter; W. H. Pippett, of Colyton; W. Mann, and J. E. of Aſhburton; and A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth.

A CHARADE, *by W. Mann, of Aſhburton.*

MY firſt is ever uſeful found
When winter reigns ſevere;
And ſpreads my powerful next around,
Which makes the landſcape drear.

But when exhilarating ſpring
In all her charms doth reign,
And groves and vales with muſic ring,
My whole blooms on the plain.

An ENIGMA, *by J. Paſcal.*

DESTRUCTIVE evil! let me brand thy name,
And to the world thy dire effects proclaim.
Hence thou falſe fiend, nor dare thyſelf intrude,
To mar my happineſs, and me delude;
Hence to the idle, diſſolute, and gay,
Who ſpurn at reaſon and ſobriety.
Away from me, for 'tis my wiſh to ſhun
Thy dangerous rock, which thouſands has undone.
How many pine in priſon, there endure,
Thro' thee, diſtreſs beyond their power to cure.
For utter ruin on thy ſteps await,
Friends you make foes, and fill each breaſt with hate,
Villains uphold thee, but the truly wiſe
Deteſt thoſe villains, and thy arts deſpiſe.
With tempting ways you lead your vot'ries on,
Till all their eaſe and happineſs is gone;
Then urg'd by want, they take the road or heath,
And meet at laſt an ignominious death.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

TO THE MUSE.

BY thee, ſweet muſe! unheeded led,
When trees their ſummer foliage ſpread,
And nature wears her richeſt veſt;
Oft let my ſteps enchanted ſtray,
Where fancy winds her devious way,
In native wildneſs dreſs'd.

Far thro' the vale's luxuriant maze,
Conceal'd from man's enquiring gaze,
I'll trace, with thee, the virgin ſtream;
Or, on ſome pendant bank reclin'd,
Indulge awhile my penſive mind,
In mem'ry's faithful dream.

Let thoſe, whom ruder joys invite,
From faſhion ſeek each falſe delight,
And ſport with life's uncertain day;
Still let them pitch on folly's flow'r,
Like inſects in the noon-tide hour,
And juſt as vain as they.

But whilſt I boaſt thy plaintive ſong,
The noiſy town, and giddy throng,
Poſſeſs no guileful charms for me;
I'd rather ſeek the ſhrine of truth,
And ſpend the tranſient hours of youth
With ſolitude and thee.

Plymouth-Dock. PALEMON.

EPITAPH *on Mrs.* MARY HARTLEY.

By CHARLES DICKINSON, *Eſq.*

YE who have grac'd her hoſpitable board,
Or o'er the treaſures of her genius por'd,
Whoſe taſte and talents dignify the land;
Ye faithful few! who form that ſacred band,
Which ſpite of ſuperſtition's coward fear,
Without credulity their God revere;
Mirrors of worth! who from her mind derive
Each uſeful leſſon, 'twas her pride to give;
And with a charm, which time can ne'er eraze,
Diffus'd around her that meridian blaze,
Which truth or nature rarely can impart,
Where tyrant faſhion petrefies the heart;
Who on her multiplied perfections dwell,
And to your riſing generation tell
Her modeſt wit; her mild urbanity;
All-chearing mirth, and ſweet jocoſity;
Tho' on her couch death took his conſtant ſeat,
Tho' every look preſag'd approaching fate,

Still

Still ſmiling patience cheer'd her pallid face—
Who hold her ſtill in true faith's firm embrace;
Here once more pauſe, your ſighs and tears renew,
And bid your long-lov'd guide and friend adieu!

The SOLDIER's DREAM.

By Mr. CAMPBELL.

OUR bugles had ſung, for the night-cloud had lower'd,
And the centinel ſtars ſet their watch in the ſky,
And thouſands had ſunk on the ground overpower'd,
The weary to ſleep, and the wounded to die!

When repoſing that night on my pallet of ſtraw,
By the wolf-ſcaring faggot that guarded the ſlain,
At the dead of the night a ſweet viſion I ſaw,
And twice, ere the cock crew, I dreamt it again.

Methought, from the battle field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a deſolate track,
'Till nature and ſunſhine diſclos'd the ſweet way
To the houſe of my father, that welcom'd me back.

I flew to the pleaſant fields travell'd ſo oft,
In life's morning march, when my boſom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And well knew the ſtrain that the corn-reapers ſung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly we ſwore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kiſs'd me a thouſand times o'er,
And my wife ſobb'd aloud in the fulneſs of heart!

Stay! ſtay with us! reſt! thou art weary, and worn;
And fain was the war-broken ſoldier to ſtay;
But ſorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away!

To a Lady, dreaming of the Death of her Linnet.

THE fairies that dance with the moon's nightly beams,
And ſip, with the bees, of the flowers dropping dew,
(As fabuliſts ſing) are the heralds of dreams,
That break thro' the ſhadows of ſlumber to view.

A fairy, on pinions that diſtanc'd the breeze,
Stole lately, Althea, with dreams to to your bed;
And whiſper'd, like murmurs of leaves on the trees,
"My darling, alas! your poor linnet is dead!"

Alarm'd with the tale of the fairy, you weep
For the ſongſter melodious, who warbled ſo well;
And fancy, while loſt in the mazes of ſleep,
You hear my ſad muſe ring his funeral knell.

Forbear, gentle mourner! his death to deplore;
Yet drop, for the ſake of your lover, a tear;
And the bird, when the ſun-beams his muſic reſtore,
Will repay you in ſongs that ſhall raviſh the ear.

With jealouſy ſtung, by the bird's ſweeter voice,
The elfin, enamour'd, invented the tale:
But hark! his ſoft warblings ſtill bid you rejoice,
As they flow with the brook that reſounds thro' the vale.

Taviſtock. W. EVANS.